

DOLL MAN

JET PROPELLED CRIME!

**A MAD INVENTOR ROCKETS
THROUGH A TRAIL OF CRIME
UNTIL THE DOLL MAN SLOWS
HIM DOWN TO A WALK!**

DECEMBER
No. 31

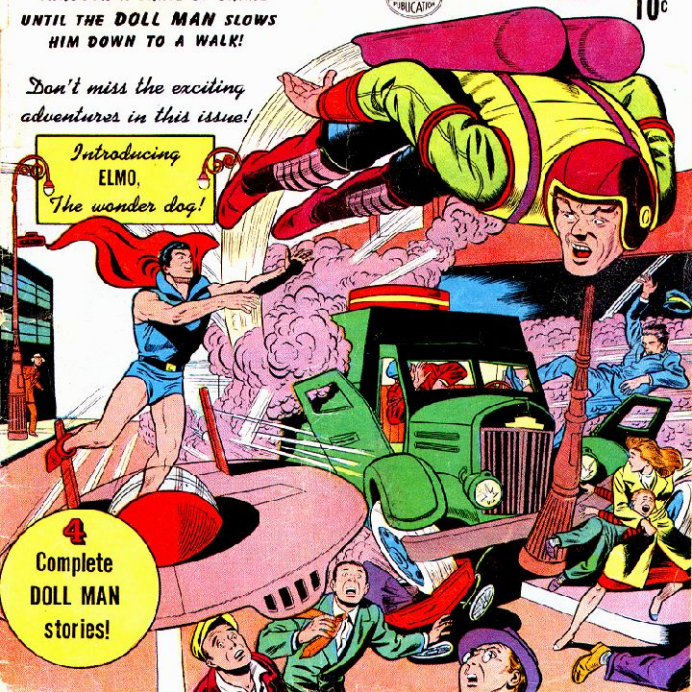


52
**BIG FULL WIDTH
PAGES** **10c**

*Don't miss the exciting
adventures in this issue!*

*Introducing
ELMO,
The wonder dog!*

4
**Complete
DOLL MAN
stories!**

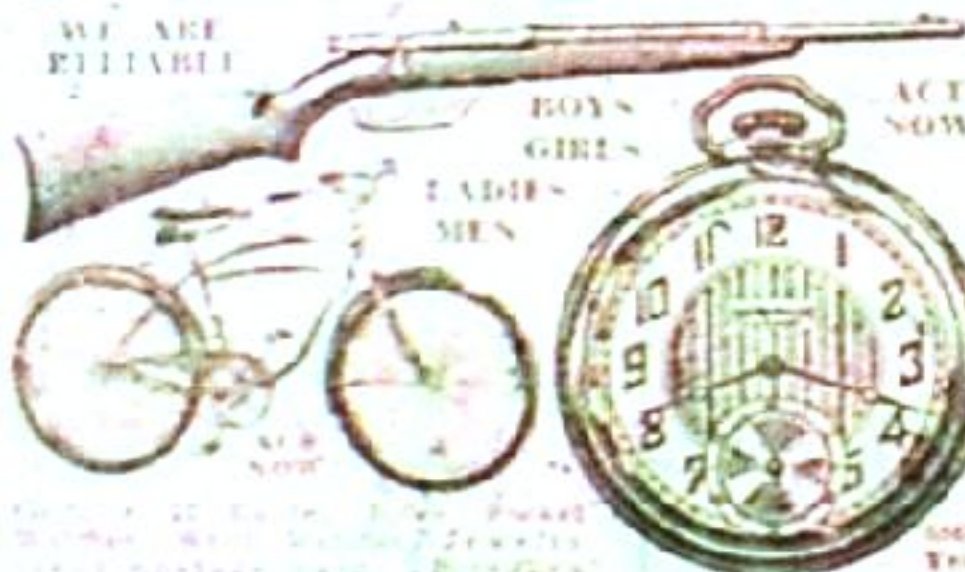




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PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH

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Tracer Red Rider Air Rifle with tube of shot. Upright School Boxes.



WE TRUST YOU
MAIL COUPON TODAY

ACT NOW



Our 10th Year

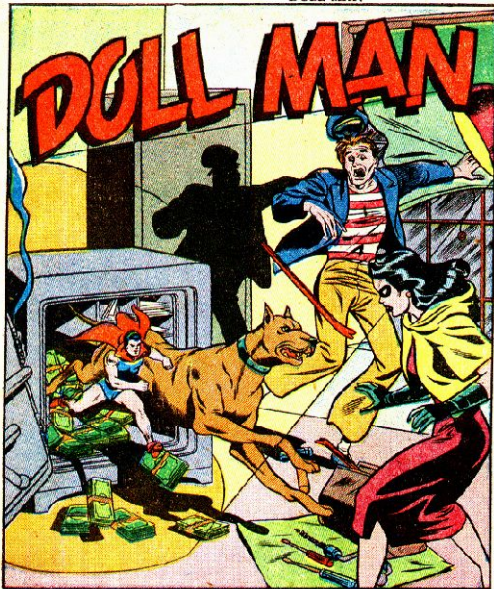


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Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. CF-108, Tyrone, Pa. Gentlemen:—Please send me 12 art pictures with 12 boxes White Cloverine Brand Salve to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Date _____
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St. _____ Rd. _____ Box _____
Town _____ Zone _____ No. _____ State _____
First Last _____
Name Here _____
Paste on card or mail in an envelope today



GUARDIANS
AGAINST CRIME!

THE DOLL MAN,
HEROIC— HALF
PORTION OF LIVING
DYNAMITE, BRINGS
SCIENCE AND
COURAGE INTO
PLAY AGAINST
THOSE WHO
WOULD PLUNDER
SOCIETY!



WHEN DARREL
DANE, QUIET GENIUS
OF EXPERIMENTAL
SCIENCE, CON-
CENTRATES HIS
SUPREME POWERS
OF WILL, HE
BECOMES THE
DOLL MAN, LITTLE
GIANT OF LAW
AND ORDER!

THE CLIMAX OF THE DOLL MAN'S LATEST PITCHED
BATTLE WITH THE UNDERWORLD—

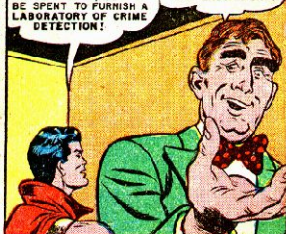
MR. COMMISSIONER, I
WAS GRATEFUL FOR
THE CHANCE TO
ROUND UP THESE
TWO RATS! THEY'RE
LONG OVERDUE
IN PRISON!

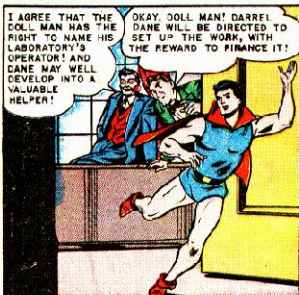
YOU'RE AWARE, DOLL MAN,
THAT A BIG REWARD WILL BE
PAID TO YOU FOR CAPTURING
THEM! YOU'LL
BE RICH!



BUT I DON'T NEED THE
MONEY, SIR! IF I'M
ALLOWED TO SAY WHAT
HAPPENS TO IT, LET IT
BE SPENT TO FURNISH A
LABORATORY OF CRIME
DETECTION!

SPLENDID IDEA, ISN'T
IT, DR. ROBERTS?
WHO'LL OPERATE
THAT LABORATORY?

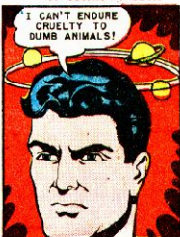




RAPIDLY THE LABORATORY IS FURNISHED, AND YOUNG DARREL DANE TAKES CHARGE...

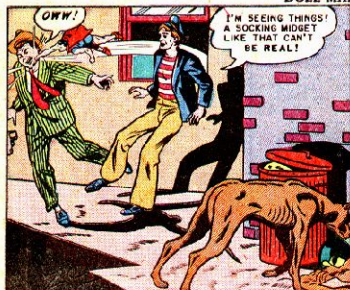


DARREL DANE CONCENTRATES HIS POWER OF WILL... HE SENSES THE MIGHTY RUSH OF COSMIC FORCE...

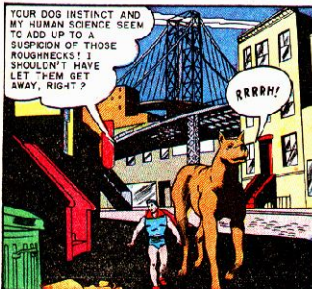
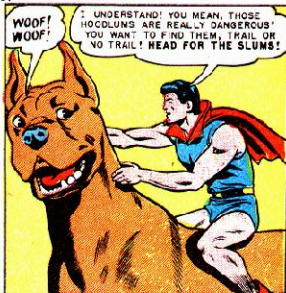
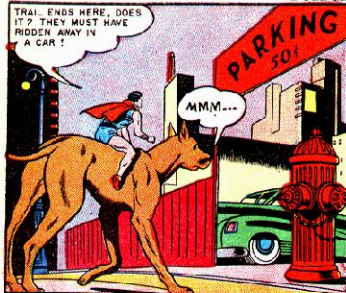


... AND BECOMES THE MIGHTY DOLL MAN!









DOLL MAN

FLOORS HIGHER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE EPPERSON INVESTMENT COMPANY...



WE'VE LISTED THESE NEGOTIABLE BONDS AND CAN LOCK THEM UP FOR THE NIGHT! THANKS FOR WORKING LATE WITH ME, MISS TILLER!

ANY GOOD SECRETARY IS GLAD TO HELP HER BOSS AT ANY TIME, MR. EPPERSON!

I'M READY TO GO HOME AT LAST, ANYWAY!



MISS TILLER! THE LOCK! IT SEEMS TO BE MELTING LIKE WAX!

YEAH, WE MELTED OUR WAY IN! DON'T MOVE OR I'LL OPEN FIRE!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE?



OH, IT'S JUST A LITTLE ORDINARY OUTRAGE! ALL WE WANT IS WHAT YOU GOT IN THAT SAFE!

IT'S SHUT AND LOCKED, BUT WE WON'T TROUBLE YOU FOR NO COMBINATION NUMBERS! WATCH!



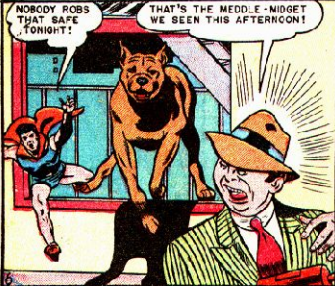
MR. EPPERSON! LOOK! THAT SPRAY EATS THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE SAFE!

THAT'S RIGHT, MISS! IT MAKES HARD BURGLAR WORK EASY!



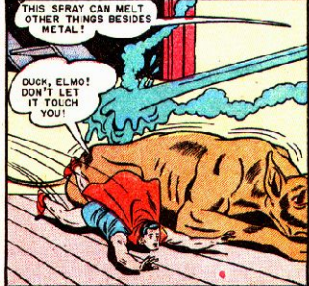
NOBODY ROBS THAT SAFE TONIGHT!

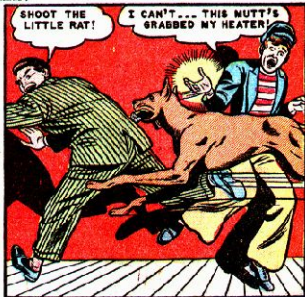
THAT'S THE MEDDLE-NIDGET WE SEEN THIS AFTERNOON!

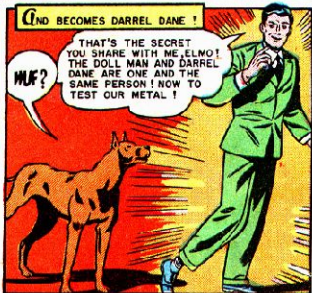
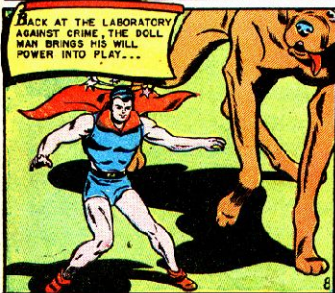
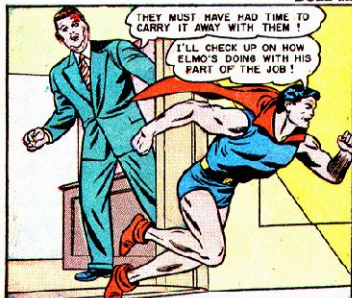


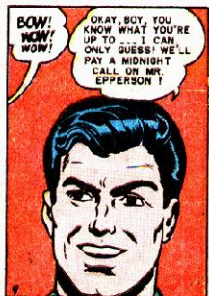
THIS SPRAY CAN MELT OTHER THINGS BESIDES METAL!

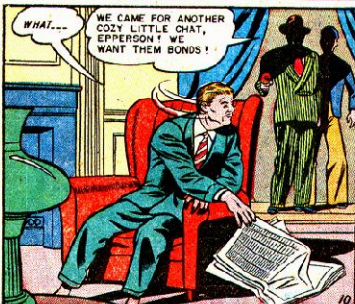
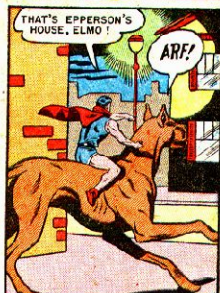
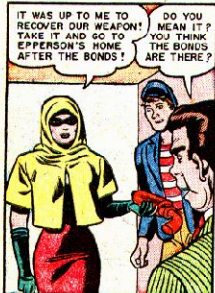
DUCK, ELMO! DON'T LET IT TOUCH YOU!

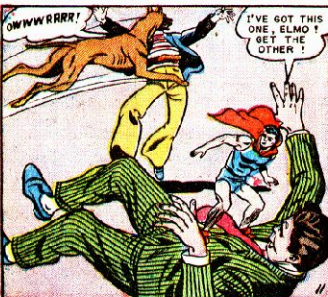
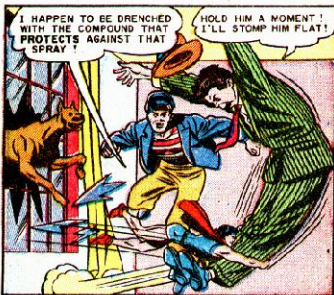
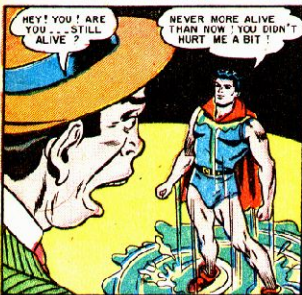
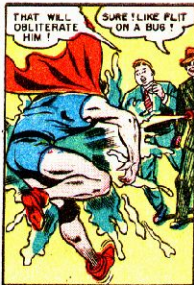
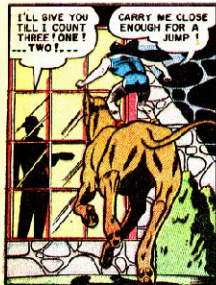




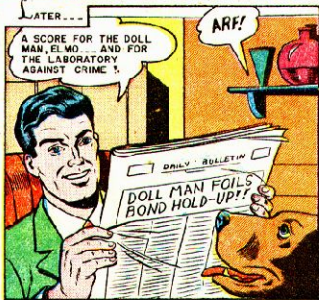
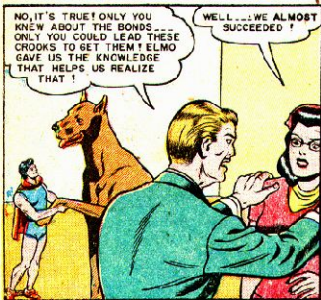
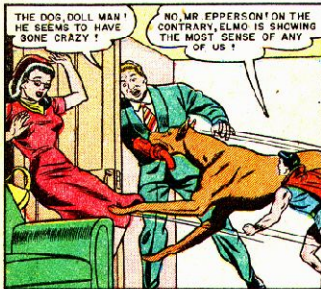


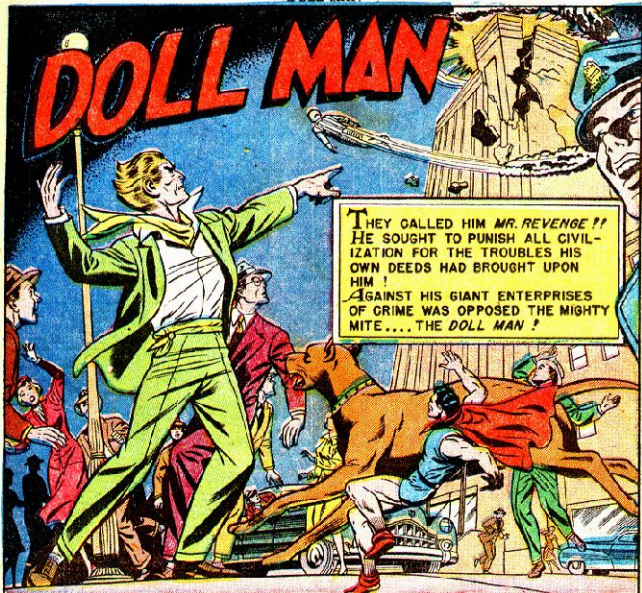


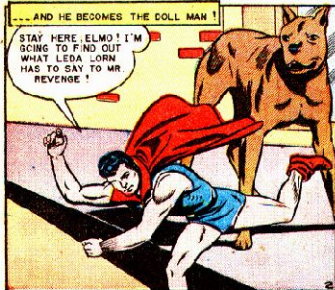


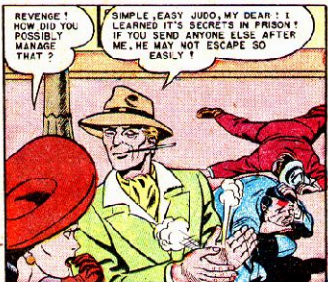
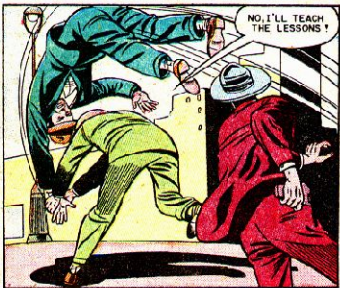
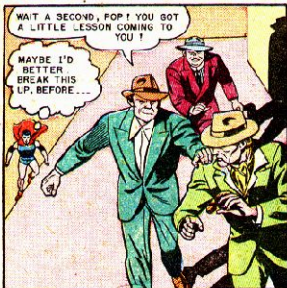


DOLL MAN







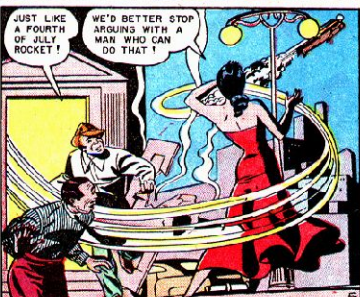
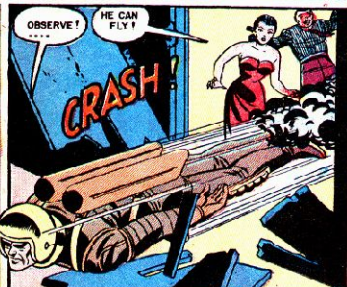


THE DOLL MAN BECOMES DARREL DANE ONCE MORE AND CONTINUES AN EXPERIMENT ---

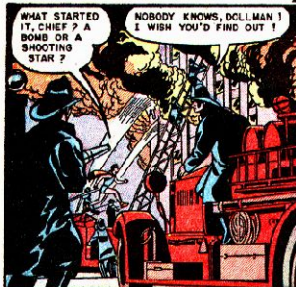


WHAT DISTANT UNDER-CURRENT OF GRIM DRAMA COMMUNICATES ITSELF TO ELMO'S SENSITIVE MIND?





DARREL DANE HAS JUST BECOME THE DOLL MAN IN ORDER TO INVESTIGATE ELMO'S SUSPICIONS...



NOBODY KNOWS, DOLL MAN!
I WISH YOU'D FIND OUT!



ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS THAT WHATEVER STARTED THE FIRE WENT BLAZING AWAY THROUGH THE SKY TO THAT PART OF TOWN!



HMMM! LEDA LORN'S GANG IS REPORTED TO OPERATE FROM THAT DISTRICT! I WONDER IF...



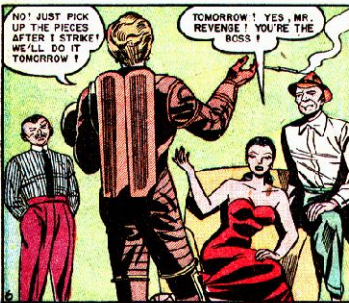
THE PROFESSORS OF MY OLD COLLEGE HELPED SEND ME TO PRISON! THEY TESTIFIED AGAINST ME... NOW I'VE AVENGED MYSELF ON THE COLLEGE AND ON THEM!

COME IN, MR. REVENGE! WE - WE'LL LISTEN TO YOUR IDEAS!



REVENGE IS A LUXURY! MONEY IS A NECESSITY! MY NEXT DESTRUCTION WILL BE THE VAULTS OF THE MERCHANT'S BANK, AND YOU MUST HELP ME GATHER THE PROFITS!

HOW? YOU DON'T THINK WE CAN ZIP AROUND IN THAT SKY-SUIT!



NO! JUST PICK UP THE PIECES AFTER I STRIKE! WE'LL DO IT TOMORROW!

TOMORROW! YES, MR. REVENGE! YOU'RE THE BOSS!

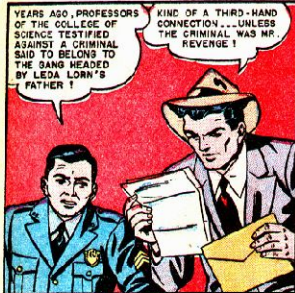


MEANWHILE...

I'M DARREL DANE, SERGEANT! COULD THERE BE ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THAT COLLEGE OF SCIENCE FIRE AND THE LEDA LORN GANG?

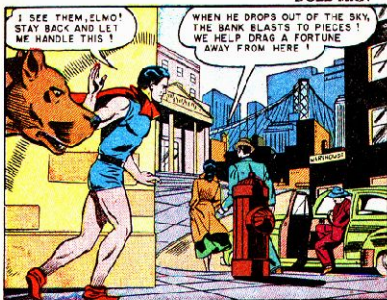
I'VE FOUND THIS IN THE FILES, MR. DANE!

POLICE RECORDS

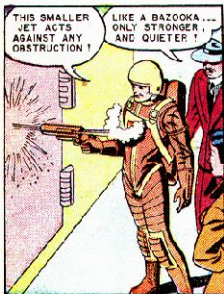


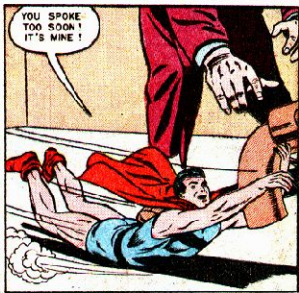
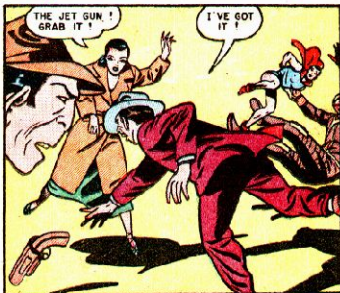
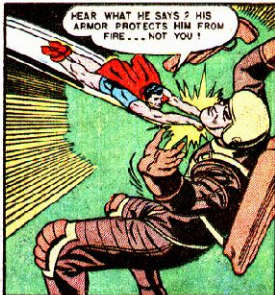
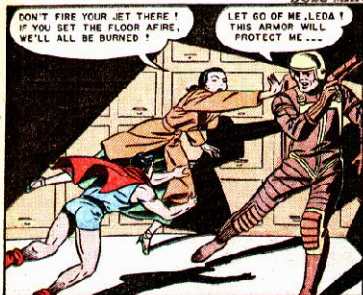
SEEKING A QUIET NOOK DARREL DANE CONCENTRATES HIS WILL TO BECOME THE DOLL MAN ---

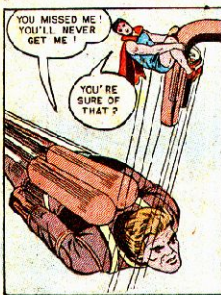
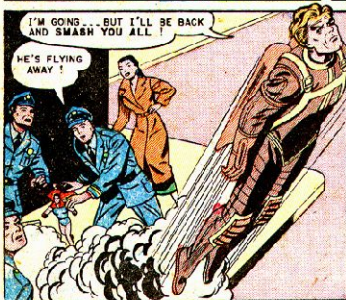




AS MR REVENGE'S JETS IGNITE THE BUILDING ...







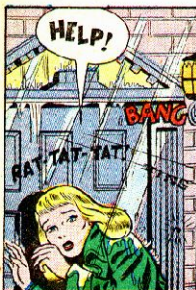


DOLL MAN



DARK NIGHT... A QUIET STREET... AND A SENSE OF TERROR!



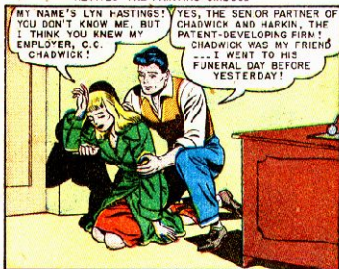


DARREL DANE CONCENTRATES HIS TREMENDOUS POWER OF WILL AND BECOMES THE DOLL MAN ---

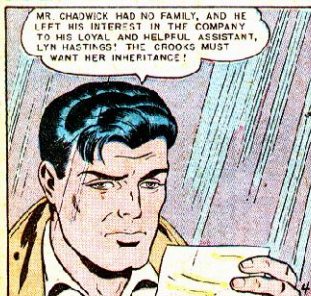
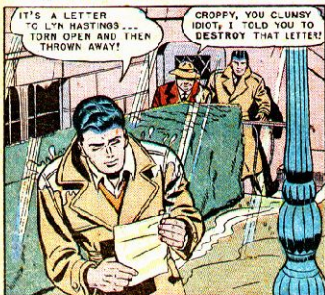
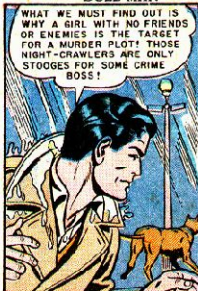


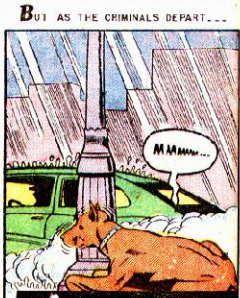


THE DOLL MAN BECOMES DARREL DANE ONCE MORE, AND REVIVES THE FAINTING GIRL...



DOLL MAN



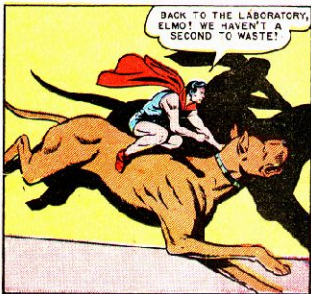


DOLL MAN

RECOVERING FROM THE GRAZING SHOT THAT STUNNED HIM, ELMO SEEKS HIS BELOVED FRIEND!



STILL GROGGY, YET DARREL DANE IS ABLE TO CONCENTRATE HIS WILL POWER... HE SENSES THE SWIRLING MUSTER OF COSMIC FORCE...

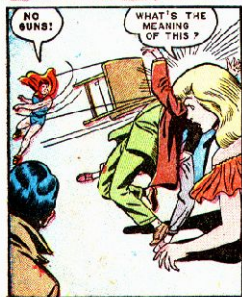
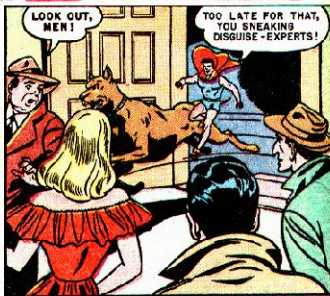
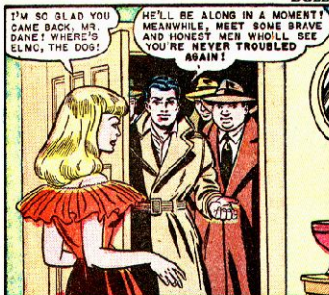


NEAR THE LABORATORY...

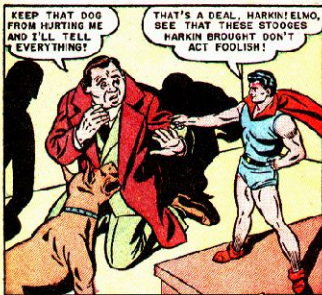


THE DISGUISED CRIMINAL APPROACHES...





DOLL MAN



SIR ROGER



BAD NEWS, BOYS! THE CIVIC IMPROVEMENT LEAGUE IS GONNA RUN US OFF OUR PROPERTY!

NO.

IT'S THE FIRST REAL HOME I'VE HAD IN FORTY YEARS!

SAME
HERE... WE
DON'T
BOTHER
NOBODY!

JUST THE SAME, TWO STUFFED-SHIRT BRIGADES ARE HOLDING MEETINGS TODAY TO DRAFT A NEW LAW THAT'LL DRIVE US OFF THIS HILLTOP AND OUTTA THE CITY LIMITS!

BOYS,
I'VE
AN
IDEA!

LET ME ATTEND THEIR MEETING INCOGNITO
AND TRY TO CONVINCE THOSE GENTLEMEN
THEY COULD STAND A LITTLE REFORMING
THEMSELVES BEFORE THEY WORRY
SO MUCH ABOUT US!



WELL, IT'S A
GOOD TRICK,
IF HE CAN
DO IT!

GOOD
LUCK,
SIR
ROGER!



ANYWAY, I'LL TRY TO
GET THEIR MIND ON
SOMETHING ELSE...
SUCH AS *THEMSELVES*...
MAYBE THAT'LL HELP!

MEETING
TODAY!
BETTER CITIZEN
GOOD-BEHAVIOR
COMMITTEE
ON HOW TO GET
THE BUMS OUT
OF BILLYVILLE!

WE WANT ONLY PERFECT
CITIZENS IN THIS TOWN!

WITH NO BUMS ON
THE OUTSKIRTS, EITHER!

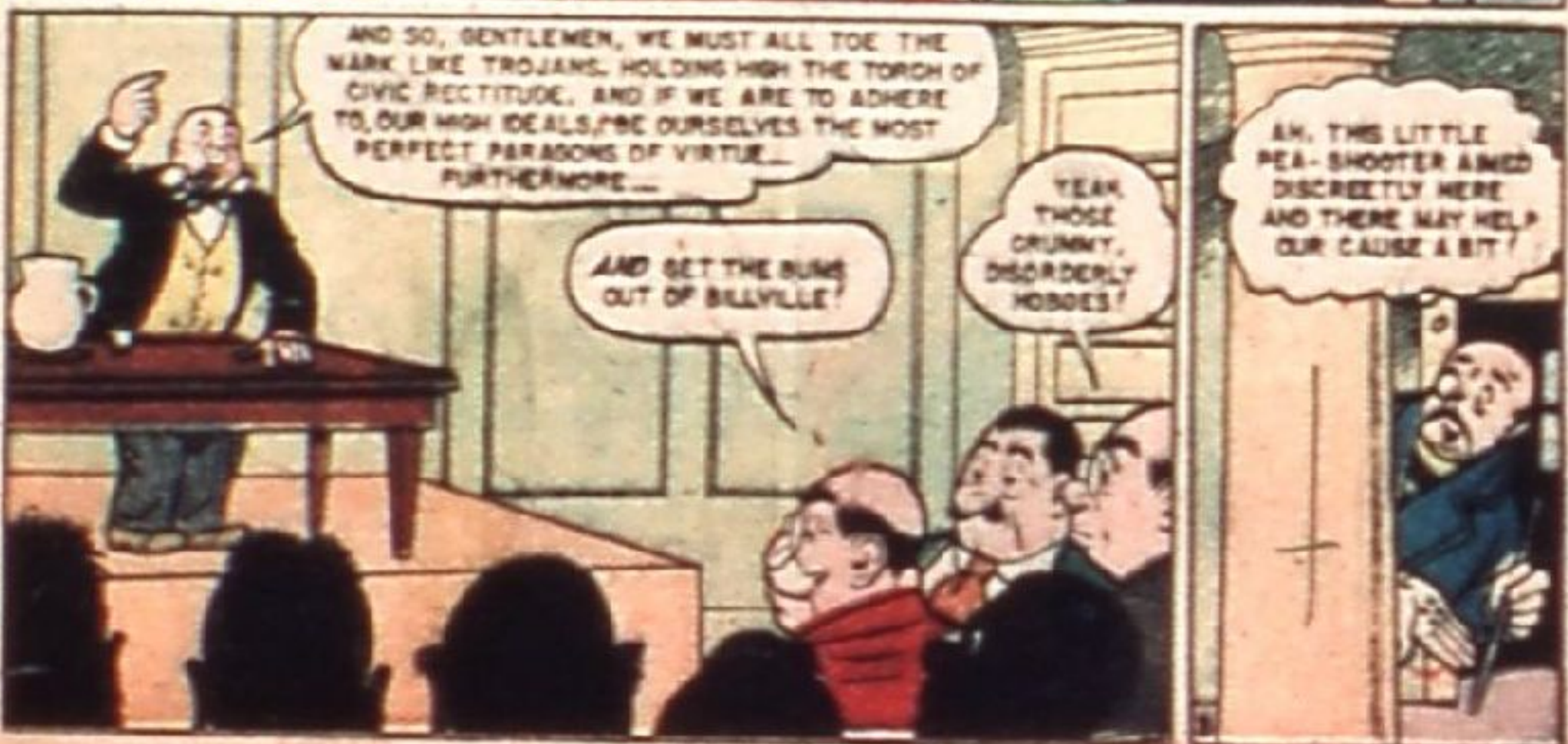


AND SO, GENTLEMEN, WE MUST ALL TOE THE
MARK LIKE TROJANS, HOLDING HIGH THE TORCH OF
CIVIC RECTITUDE. AND IF WE ARE TO ADHERE
TO OUR HIGH IDEALS, BE OURSELVES THE MOST
PERFECT PARAGONS OF VIRTUE...
FURTHERMORE...

AND GET THE BUMS
OUT OF BILLYVILLE!

YEAH,
THOSE
CRUMMY,
DISORDERLY
HOBOS!

AH, THIS LITTLE
PEA-SHOOTER AIMED
DISCREETLY HERE
AND THERE MAY HELP
OUR CAUSE A BIT!



SO, SIR ROGER
GOETH TO WORK...



SAY! WHO THE
BLAZES BUNGED
ME IN BACK OF
THE NECK?



ME,
TOO!



PUNT!

AND BULLS-EYES
RESULTETH
THEREFROM!



OW!



AND... ER...
ME, TOO!

AND I MIGHT REMARK,
MCWILLE, THAT YOU
HAVE A GUILTY LOOK
ON YOUR FACE!

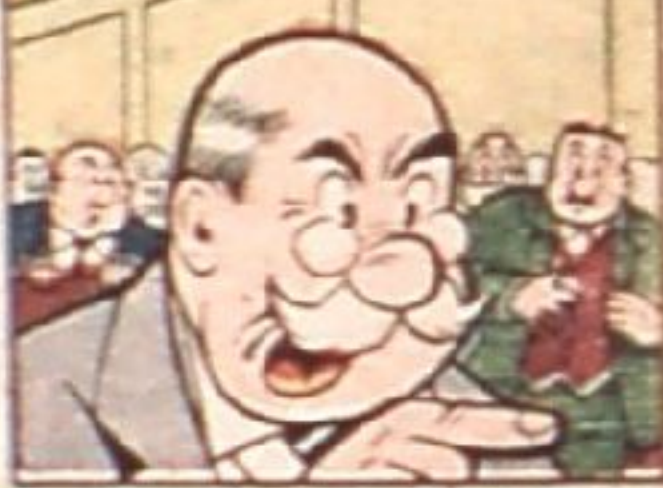
WUZZAT?

ALSO, MR. GOODYFACE,
I SAW YOU SWIPE MY
PAPER THIS MORNING
AND RETURN IT WITH
THE RACING NEWS
MISSING!

SO,
I'M A
THIEF...
IS THAT
IT?

FOR BANK BURGLARS
I GOT RESPECT, BUT
FOR PAPER-
PINCHERS...
POOEY!

WELL,
SPEAKING
OF ROBBERS,
YOU TWO-
PENNY SON-
OF-A-
PIRATE...



WHERE'S MY RAKE AND LAWN MOWER
YOU BORROWED BEFORE I
LOANED YOU THE MONKEY-
WRENCH YOU *ALSO* DIDN'T
RETURN?

I WOULDN'T TAKE A CRACK
LIKE THAT FROM MY OWN
WIDOWED MOTHER
WEARING A SHAWL
IN A SNOW STORM!

YOU'LL BE IN A
SNOW STORM IN
TWO SECONDS, BUT
IT'LL BE *FISTS*,
NOT *FLAKES*!







CALL ME A HOODLUM WILL YOU... YOU...

AND AS FOR THAT MURDER INCORPORATED COUSIN OF YOURS...



DOLL MAN

ANY LUCK, SIR ROGER...
DO WE HAVE TO LEAVE
OUR LITTLE HOME
HERE?

WELL, BOYS, I
DID THE BEST I
COULD...

AT LEAST, I THINK I GOT THEIR MINDS
INTERESTED IN SOMETHING ELSE BUT
US FOR A WHILE... THEY SEEM
VERY BUSY DOWN THERE!



BACK TO
SIR ROGER...

WHO'S
THAT?

SHH, BOYS... I'M THE MAYOR
OF BILLYVILLE, WHO SECRETLY
STARTED THIS WHOLE BUSINESS
OF RUNNING YOU OUT OF TOWN...

AND WHILE YOU HAVE
LEGAL RIGHTS HERE...
WELL THIS WHOLE
EPISODE HAS DISGRACED
ME... BUT GOOD...
AND SO... WELL...

I WONDER IF I COULD HANG OUT
WITH YOU BOYS AWHILE...

AND WHY
NOT? WE'LL
COME TO SIR
ROGERVILLE!

AS ONE
MAYOR TO
ANOTHER,
GREETINGS!



THE AGE MACHINE

FACING the smirking, vicious, ugly little Dr. Fry behind the desk, Mark Manton, Chief of Detectives, stood straight and tall, his face showing neither dismay nor fear. If he cursed himself inwardly for having fallen into such a simple trap, nothing of this self-anger showed in his eyes.

"Well, Dr. Fry," Manton said quietly, "now that you've trapped me, and my men have no idea where I am, what are your plans? I presume you'll kill me as quickly as possible, for fear I might escape or be rescued."

The evil scientist's laughter cackled out. "Relax, my dear Manton. I have no intention of killing you. At least," he added slyly, "not by conventional violence. Though it might be argued that in the end, my genius did contribute something to your sad fate."

For a moment Manton's muscles tensed and the grim thugs who had guarded him from his cell to the laboratory office took a step forward, lifting their guns. But Manton relaxed almost at once. He shrugged. "Have your fun while you're still as large, Doctor. Whatever happens to me, I know that the rest of the force will carry on my fight against crime."

"Perhaps," chuckled Dr. Fry. "We'll see. But I rather think my newest invention will discourage them. You see, I have invented a time machine that will age a human being as much as fifty years in a very few minutes." He bowed elaborately. "Since you are so well known, Manton, I am granting you the honor of carrying the story of my success to the world."

"What do you mean?" Manton demanded tensely.

"Just this," snapped the Doctor, suddenly curt. "I am going to put you in my machine for ten minutes. When you stagger out, you will be a weak old man of eighty, doddering and helpless. In that state I shall send you back to your meddling police friends with a warning that this will be their fate if they continue to interfere with my activities. Take him away to the Machine."

As Manton's arms were seized, he thought he saw a thin flicker of fright in the eyes of the

thugs. Whatever dread fate lay ahead for him, it had these brutal henchmen terrified.

A few moments later, pinned by handcuffs and leg irons, Manton was thrown to the ground in what seemed to be an open field. A soft, damp night breeze rustled the grass. Overhead a few pale stars showed through a hazy overcast.

Dr. Fry looked down at the helpless figure and laughed again. His flashlight jiggled with the paroxysm of mirth. "Farewell, my sturdy young friend. You are now in the focus of my time rays. When we withdraw, I shall turn on the machine, slowly at first so you can enjoy the passing seasons. Then I shall speed it up until my purpose is accomplished.

"You're crazy," Manton said shortly, hoping he might needle the evil scientist into making some wrong move. But he knew, even as he spoke, that his hope was vain.

"Think so?" Dr. Fry cackled. "When you feel the chill of winter and the heat of summer, the storms and snows and fogs of passing years flash over you, perhaps you will go crazy, Manton."

Then they were gone, their footsteps echoing eerily over the crisp sod. For a few moments Manton lay quietly, listening, but hearing nothing. Then a strange feeling began to creep over him, a lassitude that robbed his muscles of strength, his will of purpose.

Suddenly he heard the wail of rising wind and felt its chill against his flesh. The stars vanished. Thunder boomed and lightning flashed and brief rain drenched him. Then the chill deepened and he began to shiver with cold. Something icy touched his skin and he saw the pale ghosts of snowflakes dancing down. It was winter and the snow thickened until he shivered helplessly, half-buried.

It seemed only a moment until the wind turned warm. The snow melted and trickled away and then came hot winds, the furnace heat of summer, fleeting storms and starlight, and a moon seemed to hurl itself above him, swelling and waning with incredible speed. It was as if the months were hurtling by, turning into years with each shaking breath he drew.

Now the whole mad pagrant speeded up. Snow and rain, heat and cold flashed over him faster and faster. He could no longer mark the seasons. His brain swam and his eyes blurred under the wild flickering of light and darkness. He felt incredibly old and weary, weak and helpless. For the first time in his life, Manton felt a stab of fear. It was not personal fear but a sick horror of what this evil could mean, unleashed on the world. Then his senses dissolved in a crescendo of titanic thunder and for him, the world went black.

When Manton opened his eyes he was being lifted from the back of a truck. Around him was the greenery outside the city limits and somewhere close by, the air throbbed to the beat of speeding trucks. Dr. Fry was standing, rubbing his hands, cackling. With him were all the brutal, warped henchmen he had assembled for his mad criminal conquests.

Manton felt incredible weakness in every muscle. His body felt old and tired, his mind rebelled against thought. He looked down and saw a straggling gray beard against his chest. His body looked wasted and shrunken and the suit he had worn a few hours before was now faded and threadbare, no more than the rags of itself.

"I see you are awake, Manton," Dr. Fry chuckled. "You'll sleep a lot, now. Old men doze in the sun and dream of their pasts, you know. That is what you are now—an old man, doddering to his grave."

The throb of motors grew louder and for a moment Manton felt a surge of strength and hope as he recognized them as police cars. They were his friends coming to his aid. He saw them leap to the ground and run forward. Then he saw them stop, staring at him with a sick horror in their eyes.

"You are sensible," Dr. Fry said to them. "If you had attempted to rush us, Manton would have died instantly, and so would you. I have gunners covering you from the trees."

"Good grief!" mumbled the white-faced Bill Dixon. "What have you done to Manton?"

"Jumping catfish," gasped Don Benson, big hands clenching. "He looks just like an old man."

"Exactly," the Doctor smiled as his thugs closed in. "I explained in my message about my age machine. Here you see the results. I have a portable machine focussed on all of you now. If you refuse to listen to reason, I'll simply age

all of you in a matter of moments, just as I shall age everyone who dares oppose me."

Manton's men stood frozen, their eyes going from the sagging, bearded, wrinkled Manton to the glittering triumph in the eyes of Dr. Fry. The hidden gunners came from the jungle, grinning, confident now that it was all over.

And in that tense moment of silence, Manton suddenly drew himself straight and his voice boomed out. "Don't fall for his lying tricks, men! I'm exactly twelve hours older than I was last night—and no more. Let's take these monkeys before they wake up."

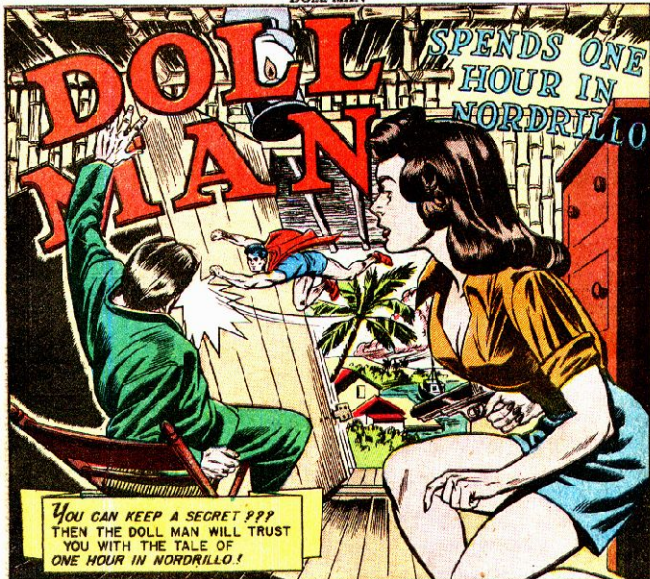
Whirling, he slammed a mighty fist into the face of the nearest guard. Before guns could be levelled, the howling, battling member of the police force had hurled themselves into action. There were cries of pains, the thud of fists, the exultant yells of Bill Dixon as he chased Dr. Fry around and around.

In a matter of moments the battle was over. Dr. Fry and his mob were either unconscious or securely bound. Manton grinned at his gaping friends. "Somebody help get this artificial beard off my chin and these phoney makeup wrinkles off my face."

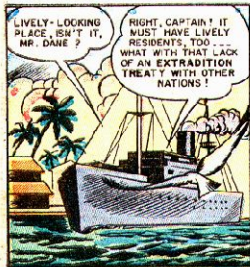
"You . . . you mean, you didn't really get old?" Don Benson gasped.

Manton chuckled. "He was so good he even had me fooled for a while, until I figured it all out. I spent last evening in an elaborate wind-tunnel and airplane testing station, that's all. Somehow Dr. Fry got hold of an army testing plant, probably abandoned after the war, and converted it to his screwy master-criminal scheme. There were wind machines and refrigerating coils as well as heat lamps to test planes under all kinds of weather. He used them to convince me I'd gone through whole years of changing seasons. Then he squirted a little gas to make me weak and dazed and had a phoney beard glued on my chin while I was unconscious. That, with some clever makeup and an artificially-aged suit of clothes had us all fooled."

Manton smiled at his bewildered companions. "I was puzzled when his footsteps echoed last night. Grass wouldn't raise echoes outdoors, so I knew there had to be a roof overhead, set with imitation stars and moon. But it took me until just now to catch his biggest mistake. He didn't dare turn on lights and show me where I really was. He had me believing I'd aged forty years without ever seeing sunshine."



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YOU'VE FIGURED IT OUT, MR. DANE! CROOKS AND FUGITIVES FROM ALL LANDS COME TO NORDRILLO AS A REFUGE FROM THE LAW! YOU STILL INTEND TO VISIT ASHORE?



WE SAIL WITH THE EVENING TIDE! SEE YOU ABOARD BY THEN, MR. DANE!



DOLL MAN

ON THE STREETS OF NORDRILLO...

WELCOME TO YOUR NEW HOME, MATEY! I'VEAR YE'RE A DANE! O' COURSE, I WOULD BE SO RUDE AS TO ASK WHY YE CAME TO NORDRILLO!

NATURALLY NOT, MR. --- MR. ---

OW, NO FORMALITIES 'ERE! JUST CALL ME LIMEY! AND COME MEET SOME FOLKS WOT YOU'LL 'AVE FOR FRIENDS!

LATER, PERHAPS, LIMEY! I HAVE A MATTER OF BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

SEZ 'E 'AS BUSINESS, STRIKE ME PINK! WOT'S HE UP TO, KHARR?

I WOULD NOT PRESUME TO GUESS, WHEN OUR LOVELY CHALCA IS SO MUCH BETTER THE GUESSER!

I DO NOT GUESS! SINCE HE IS HERE, HE MUST BE FLEEING FROM THE LAW! SINCE HE IS YOUNG AND HEALTHY, HE CAN BE A HELP TO US! FOLLOW HIM, LIMEY, AND OBSERVE!

RIGHTO!

STARS AND PLANETS SEEM TO WHIRL AS DARREL DANE CONCENTRATES HIS POWER OF WILL...

HE'S JUST AROUND THIS CORNER!

... AND BECOMES THE DOLL MAN!

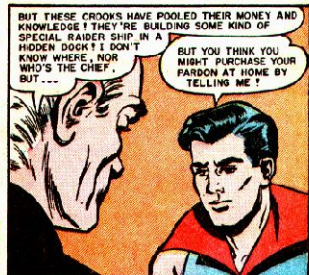
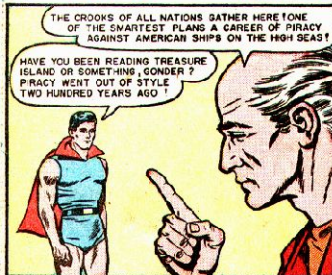
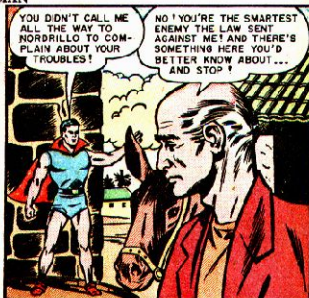
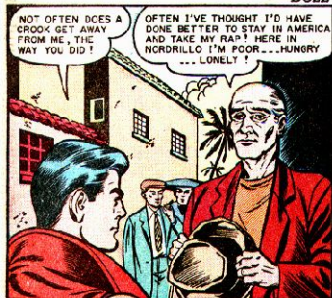
SWEEP ME, 'E BLINKING WELL DISAPPEARED!

I'LL 'AVE TO FIND 'IM OR CHALCA WON'T 'ARF GIVE ME WOT FOR!

THE LETTER I GOT SAID TWO BLOCKS FROM HERE! I MUST HURRY!

HE SAID HE MADE HIS LIVING AS A WATER CARRIER! THERE HE IS --- HELLO GONDER!

DOLL MAN! THANK HEAVEN YOU GOT MY MESSAGE AND CAME!



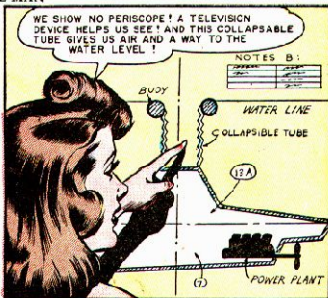
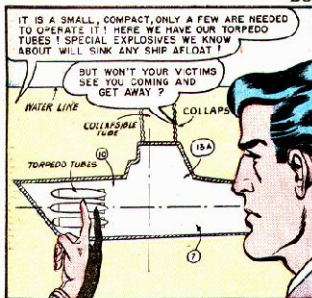
RETURNING THE WAY HE CAME, THE DOLL MAN AGAIN BECOMES DARREL DANE ---





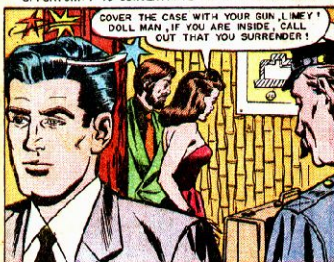
ON THE EDGE OF TOWN, BESIDE A SLUGGISH CREEK ...



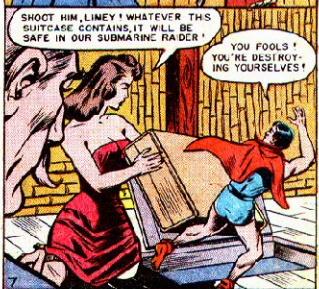




As his captors turning from him, Darrel Dane has opportunity to concentrate his will power again...



DOLL MAN



DOLL MAN

THEY WOULDN'T STOP TO LISTEN!
MY CASE WAS FULL OF EXPLOSIVE
TO SMASH THE RAIDER GONDER
HINTED AT IN HIS LETTER!



AND THAT'S THE END OF IT!
THE HIDING PLACE, THE PLANS,
THE RAIDING SUBMARINE,
AND THE RAIDERS!



THE DOLL MAN'S WORK IN
NORDRILLO IS FINISHED! I
CAN BECOME DARREL
DANE AGAIN!



MINUTES LATER...

MY NAME'S DARREL DANE,
GONDER! THE DOLL MAN SENDS A MESSAGE!
HURRY, YOU'RE WANTED ABOARD THE
SHIP THAT'S ABOUT TO SAIL!



I SAW
THAT
EXPLOSION!
AM I NEEDED
TO TESTIFY IN
AMERICA?

THERE'LL BE NO PUBLIC
ANNOUNCEMENT, GONDER!
ONLY A QUIET REPORT TO
THE TOP GOVERNMENT
AUTHORITIES!



THEN YOU MUST MEAN
THAT YOU WANT ME TO
FACE THOSE ACCUSATIONS
AT HOME! MAYBE IT'LL
BE BETTER IF
I GO!

NO! BUT THE REPORT TO
THE AUTHORITIES WILL ALSO
INCLUDE A RECOMMENDATION
THAT YOU GET A PARDON
FOR HELPING! YOU HAVE A
CHANCE TO GO STRAIGHT
AND LIVE HAPPILY!



BLESS YOU FOR THAT,
MR. DANE! I'LL TRY
HARD TO DESERVE
THAT BREAK!

WE'RE ABOUT TO SAIL,
MR. DANE! WHO'S THIS
PASSENGER?



A GOOD AMERICAN
CITIZEN, CAPTAIN! HE
HELPED DESTROY A THREAT
TO ALL THE SHIPS THAT
SAIL THE SEAS!



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